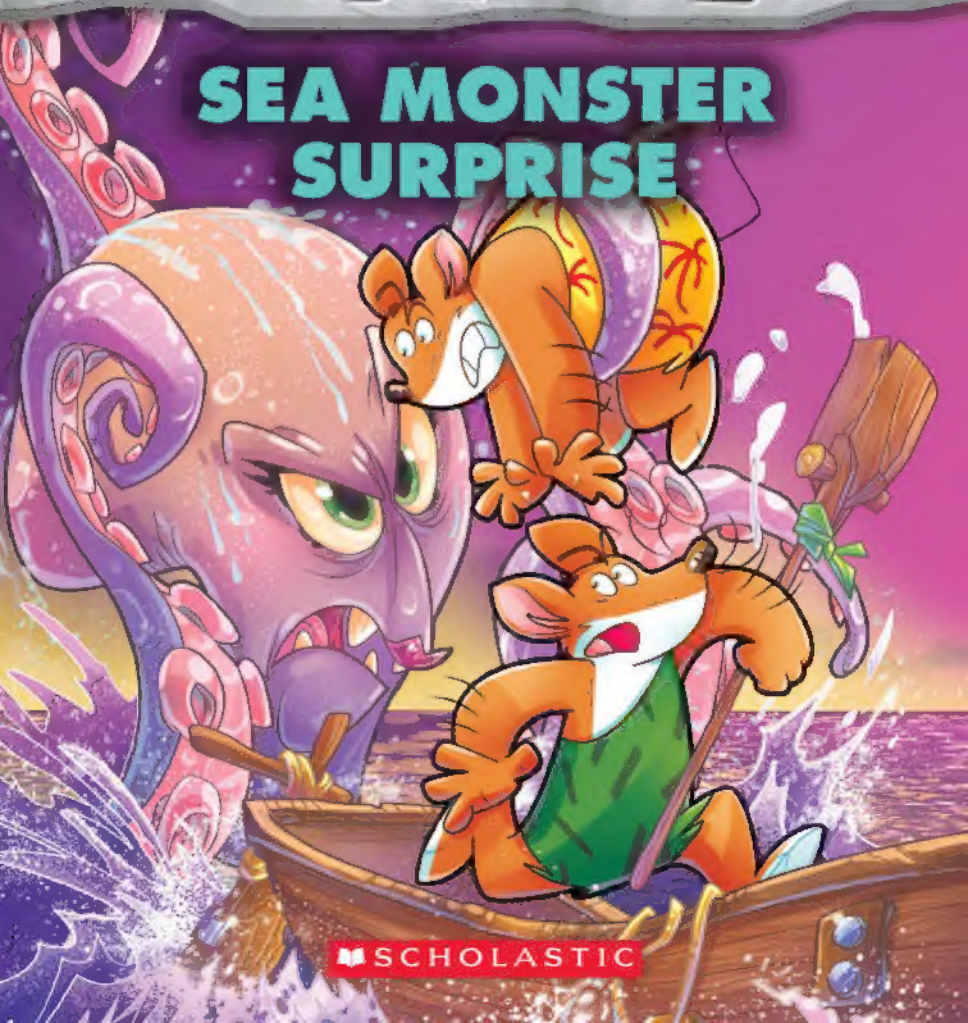




Geronimo Stilton

CAVEMICE

**SEA MONSTER
SURPRISE**



 **SCHOLASTIC**

**DEAR MOUSE FRIENDS,
WELCOME TO THE**



STONE AGE!

WELCOME TO THE STONE AGE . . . AND THE WORLD OF THE CAVEMICE!

CAPITAL: Old Mouse City

POPULATION: WE'RE NOT SURE. (MATH DOESN'T EXIST YET!) BUT BESIDES CAVEMICE, THERE ARE PLENTY OF DINOSAURS, WAY TOO MANY SABER-TOOTHED TIGERS, AND FEROCIOUS CAVE BEARS — BUT NO MOUSE HAS EVER HAD THE COURAGE TO COUNT THEM!

TYPICAL FOOD: PETRIFIED CHEESE SOUP

NATIONAL HOLIDAY: **GREAT ZAP DAY**, WHICH CELEBRATES THE DISCOVERY OF FIRE. RODENTS EXCHANGE GRILLED CHEESE SANDWICHES ON THIS HOLIDAY.

NATIONAL DRINK: MAMMOTH MILKSHAKES

CLIMATE: **Unpredictable**, WITH FREQUENT METEOR SHOWERS



cheese
soup



milkshake

MONEY

SEASHELLS OF ALL SHAPES
AND SIZES



MEASUREMENT

THE BASIC UNIT OF MEASUREMENT IS BASED ON THE LENGTH OF THE TAIL OF THE LEADER OF THE VILLAGE. A UNIT CAN BE DIVIDED INTO A HALF TAIL OR QUARTER TAIL. THE LEADER IS ALWAYS READY TO PRESENT HIS TAIL WHEN THERE IS A DISPUTE.

THE CAVEMICE

ADRIAN D.



Geronimo Stilton

CAVEMICE

SEA MONSTER SURPRISE!



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e-ISBN 978-0-545-87537-0

Text by Geronimo Stilton

Original title *Polposaura affamata . . . coda stritolata!*

Cover by Flavio Ferron

Illustrations by Giuseppe Facciotto (design) and Alessandro Costa (color)

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First printing 2016

MANY AGES AGO, ON PREHISTORIC MOUSE ISLAND, THERE WAS A VILLAGE CALLED OLD MOUSE CITY. IT WAS INHABITED BY BRAVE *RODENT SAPIENS* KNOWN AS THE CAVEMICE.

DANGERS SURROUNDED THE MICE AT EVERY TURN: EARTHQUAKES, METEOR SHOWERS, FEROCIOUS DINOSAURS, AND FIERCE GANGS OF SABER-TOOTHED TIGERS. BUT THE BRAVE CAVEMICE FACED IT ALL WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR, AND WERE ALWAYS READY TO LEND A HAND TO OTHERS.

HOW DO I KNOW THIS? I DISCOVERED AN ANCIENT BOOK WRITTEN BY MY ANCESTOR, GERONIMO STILTONOOT! HE CARVED HIS STORIES INTO STONE TABLETS AND ILLUSTRATED THEM WITH HIS ETCHINGS.

I AM PROUD TO SHARE THESE STONE AGE STORIES WITH YOU. THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF THE CAVEMICE WILL MAKE YOUR FUR STAND ON END, AND THE JOKES WILL TICKLE YOUR WHISKERS! HAPPY READING!

Geronimo Stilton



WARNING! DON'T IMITATE THE CAVEMICE.
WE'RE NOT IN THE STONE AGE ANYMORE!

BON VOYAGE, BART BARNACLE!

It was a beautiful **spring** morning. The sky was blue, the sun shone brightly, and the air was **CLEAR** and as **crisp** as a cheese cracker.

I was about to witness a historic (I mean, *prehistoric*) moment. **Bart Barnacle**, brave **pirate** and friend to cavemice, was about to sail home to Black Rock Island in the Land of the Rising Sun.

All the furry citizens of *Old Mouse City* gathered at the port to wish him a safe trip.

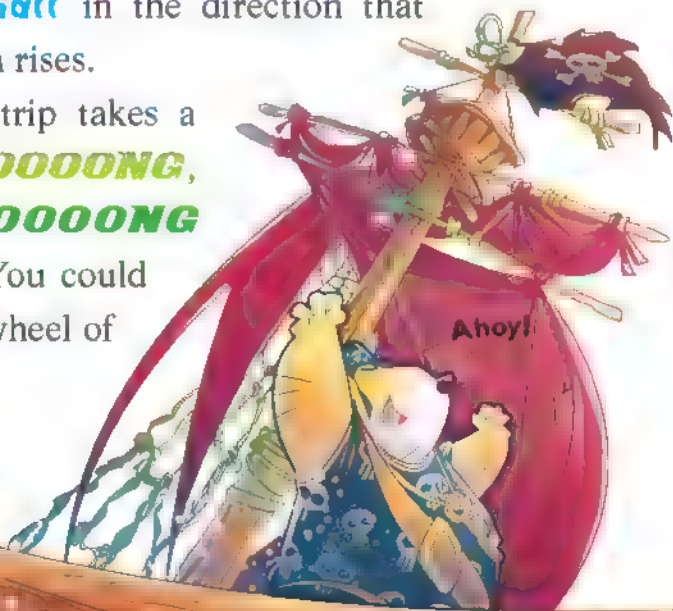
Sorry, I haven't introduced myself yet! I am Stiltonoot, **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**,



and I am the editor of *The Stone Gazette*, the most famous newspaper in prehistory (maybe because it's the only one!).

Anyway, as I was saying, Bart was headed to the **Land of the Rising Sun**. It is a group of islands far, far away and is home to the **PREHISTORIC PIRATES**. To go there, you must **sail** in the direction that the sun rises.

The trip takes a **LOOOOOONG, LOOOOOONG** time. You could age a wheel of





cheddar while you're waiting to get there.

Speaking of **cheese**, Bart had plenty stashed on his boat! He had built a **STURDY** pirate ship while he was here. (At the same time, he taught us how to build ships, too. We just still had to learn how to **sail** them!)

Now, where was I? Oh, yes. My cousin Trap and I were headed to Bart's **CAVE** to escort him to the port. We were almost there when . . .

"HEY! Why are you two up so early?"

GREAT ROCKY BOULDERS!
IT SOUNDED LIKE . . . BUT IT
COULDN'T BE . . .

It was my friend Hercule Poirat, the most famous detective in the **STONE AGE!**

"Bart Barnacle is sailing home," I told him.

"And we are bringing him to the port," added Trap.



"BONES AND STONES!"

exclaimed Hercule. "I would come, too, but I'm on my way to solve a mystery in **Thickrock Village**. I'm running late."

"Good luck!" I said.

"THANKS, FRIENDS!" said Hercule.





“Please tell Bart Barnacle that I wish him a safe trip.”

Hercule scampered off, and Trap and I arrived at the cave of our **pirate** friend.

“**Good morning**,” he greeted us. “I wish we could sit and chat one last time, but we have to get **MOVING**. There’s a long voyage ahead of me!”

We walked to the port, where a **crowd of cavemice** had already gathered. Some of them were wiping away **TEARS**. Everyone loved Bart Barnacle — he **was** such an amazing mouse!

He had impressed us by building such a **BIG** — no, **HUGE** — no, **ENORMOUSE** ship! Bart had named it the *Speedy Cheddar 3*. (The *Speedy Cheddar* and *Speedy Cheddar 2* hadn’t turned out so well. They had both



sank as soon as they were on the water. But the **SPEEDY CHEDDAR 3** was in much better shape.)

“**Bon voyage, Bart!**” called out my nephew Benjamin. “Say hi to everyone on Black Rock Island for us.”

“**COME AND SEE US AGAIN SOON!**” said my sister, Thea.

“And bring back some of those **tasty noodles** they make there!” Trap added.

“**GOOD-BYE, FRIENDS!**” Bart called back. He started to walk up the gangway. And then . . .



Good luck!

Farewell!

Bon voyage!



Good-bye,
friends!

WAAAAAAHHH!

Bart **ST©PPED** on the gangway. He stood as still as a block of **cheese**.

We stared at him, wondering what was happening. Suddenly, he burst into **TEARS!**

BOUNCING BOULDERS -

they weren't just tears. He was crying a waterfall!

"WAAAAAAHHH!"

he sobbed. "I don't want to leave you, friends."

We were **squeakless**.
Bart Barnacle didn't






want to leave because we meant **SO MUCH** to him!

“But all your friends on Black Rock Island are waiting for you,” Benjamin encouraged him.

“And so is your grandfather **BLACKBEARD BARNACLE!**” said Thea.

“You can come back to Old Mouse City whenever you want,” I told Bart. “But now that you have built this giant **pirate ship**, it’s time to set sail!”

Bart blew his snout. “**Sniff!** It’s true. The *Speedy Cheddar 3* is a fine vessel. I can’t let it stay tied to the dock like a mussel **CLINGING** to a rock.” Then he brightened. “I have a solution! You, my friends, can all **come with me!**”

I quickly raised my  to get his attention. “I’m sorry, but I can’t—”





WAAAAAAAAHHH!

Then I heard the booming voice of our village leader, **Ernest Heftymouse**.

“Good for you, Stiltonoot!” he cried. “You bravely raised your paw to **VOLUNTEER** to accompany Bart Barnacle on his long journey to the **Land of the Rising Sun!**”

Everyone applauded.

“Grandson, **how brave!**” called out Grandma Ratrock. “Just like your grandma!”

“**Very brave** indeed,” said Bluster Conjurat, our village shaman. “Who would have guessed?”

“Bravo, Stiltonoot!” cheered **LEO EDISTONE**, the brilliant inventor.

“Um, but I — um, I didn’t **VOLUNTEER**,” I tried to protest.

“**You’re amazing, Uncle!**” exclaimed Benjamin. “Can I come with you?”

“I want to go, too!” added Thea. “Bart can

teach me to **navigate** the seas.”

Grandma Ratrock chimed in. “Some **life at sea** will do you good, Grandson.”

“**ARE YOU JOKING?**” I asked. “The ocean is filled with dangers. **We will all go extinct!**”

I was not going to change my mind. **Nothing** could move me. Zero. Zilch.

“What a good friend you are, Geronimo. Always so **helpful.**”

Bouncing boulders! The mouse who said that was . . . but it couldn’t be . . .



“Cl-Clarissa?” I stuttered.

I turned and found myself looking at Clarissa Conjurat, the mouse of my **dreams**.

I stared into her **EYES** for a moment. They were the color of **BLUE CHEESE**. Her lashes were as long as . . .

“It’s very **brave** of you to do this, Geronimo,” Clarissa said. “You’ll be facing

storms, hurricanes, high winds, hungry sea monsters . . .”

“St-storms?
H-hurricanes?
H-high winds?”

I stuttered. “And **HUNGRY SEA MONSTERS?**”

Grandma Ratrock

You’re so brave!





slapped me on the back. “Isn’t my grandson the most **COURAGEOUS** journalist you’ve ever met?” she asked proudly.

Clarissa **smiled**, and I knew I was sunk. I could not back down now.

I had to journey the seas with Bart Barnacle!

A DINNER FIT FOR A DINOSAUR!

Grandma Ratrock decided that Bart's ship would **DEPART** the next morning at **dawn** — with Thea, Trap, Benjamin, and me on board.

"Couldn't we leave at noon?" Trap asked with a long **YAAAAWN**.

"Or two? Or three? Or never?" I suggested.

But Grandma was more stubborn than a **BOULDER**, more solid than a **GRANITE** wall, and more determined than a charging **MAMMOTH**.

"NO EXCUSES!" she said firmly. "This trip will make you all as sharp as cheddar!"



"Why aren't you going, Grandma?" I asked.

"Because I'm **SHARP ENOUGH** already!" she snapped (and that **certainly** was true).

I sighed.

Petrified cheese!

There was nothing left to do but **run** back to my cave and pack my bags. I had no idea what to expect in the **Land of the Rising Sun**, so I packed everything I **could** think of. I started with my favorite pillow. I like to be **comfy** when I sleep!

Then I packed my clothes: my **heavy** winter loincloth, my

Puff! Pant!



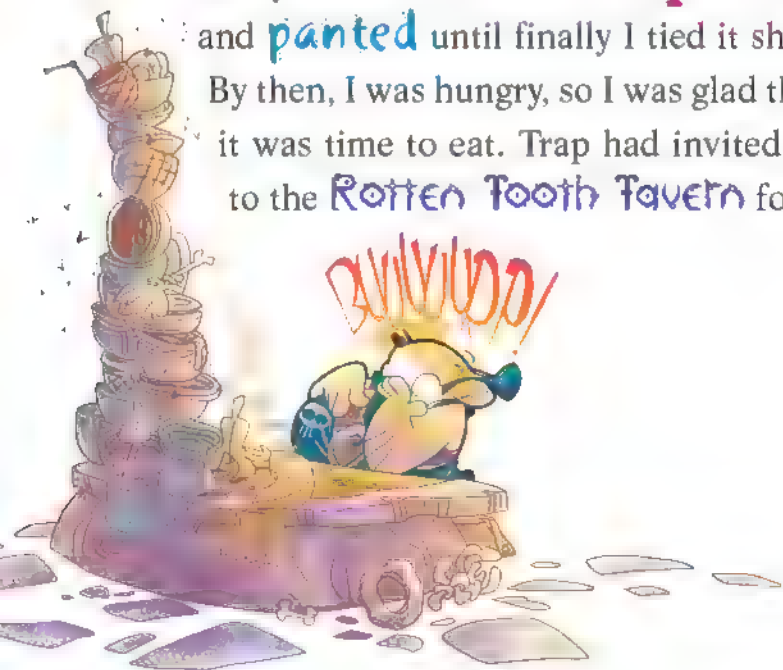


LIGHT spring loincloth, my fancy loincloth for special events, and lots of extra underwear. Finally, I added a hot water bottle to help me in case I got a tummyache on the high seas.

Fossilized fetal!

My bag was so stuffed that I could barely close it! I PUSHED and puffed and panted until finally I tied it shut.

By then, I was hungry, so I was glad that it was time to eat. Trap had invited us to the Rotten Tooth Tavern for a





dinner in honor of Bart Barnacle.

The pirate had an appetite as **BIG** as his ship! In just a few minutes, he devoured a pot of **stew**, a cheese **omelet** (made from pterodactyl eggs), a basket of cheddar **biscuits**, and a megalithic roast of **MEAT**!

To be honest, Trap, Benjamin, and I stuffed ourselves, too.

BU R P!

“Watch out, or you’ll get a stomachache,” Thea warned.

Thea was right, but I couldn’t help myself. Trap almost never offers me food for **FREE**!

To show my gratitude, I stayed to help Trap **clean up**. I was clearing dirty dishes off the tables when . . .

“**Psst, Ger!**” whispered Trap. “Two thieves are walking off with the leftovers in the kitchen!”





“What? Are you sure?” I whispered back.
He took my paw and then, as **quiet** as a rat at a cat party, he led me to the **D A R K** kitchen.

It was so dark that I couldn’t see my **WHISKERS** in front of my face.

Then Trap lit a **TORCH**, and we could see two **LARGE, DARK, FURRY** shadows!

“Heeeeelp!” I shrieked.

“**WHO ARE YOU?**” Trap yelled in a threatening tone.

Quick as **lightning**, the shadows dashed off. Trap went after them, but he **TRIPPED** over a bowl . . .

CRAAAAAAASH!

By the time we caught up to the thieves, they were diving into the **WATER!**

We **RACED** to Thea's cave and told her what happened.

"I think the thieves were saber-toothed tigers!" I said. "They were big and furry!"

Thea shook her head. "What would **TIGERS** be doing in the tavern? It sounds like you were having a **NIGHTMARE**. Go back to bed."





“But I wasn’t **sleeping**,” I protested.

“Maybe Thea’s right,” Trap said. “It’s late, we’re **tired**, and we might have been seeing things. **Let’s** get some sleep.”

So I went home and fell asleep — but I dreamed all night of fanged cats ready to gobble me up for a **midnight snack!**



GONNNNG!

At dawn, a loud noise jolted me out of bed.

GONNNNG!

“What’s happening?” I cried. “Did the **CHEDDAR VOLCANO** erupt? Is it an earthquake? A **meteorite crash?**”

But it was not a natural disaster.

“**GET OUT OF BED, LAZYBONES!**”
a voice yelled.

I sighed. It was Grandma Ratrock, using the village **GONG** to wake us up!

Grandma kept **BANGING** the gong until I came out of my cave and Thea, Trap, and

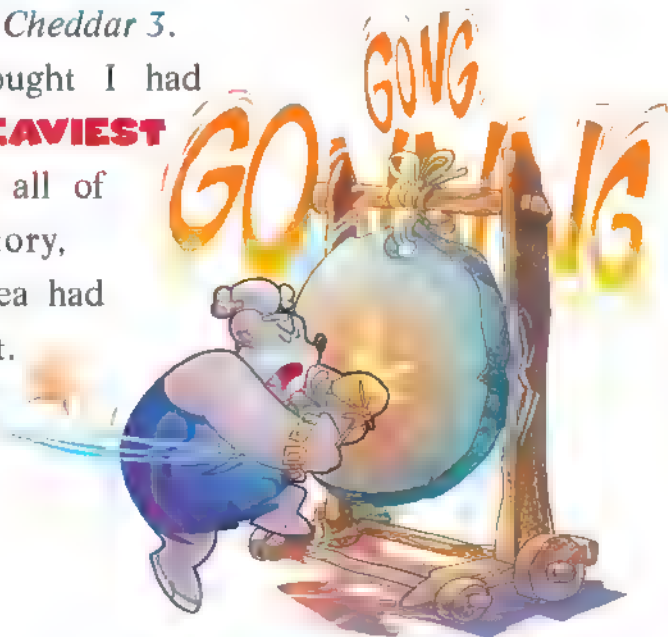


Benjamin came out of theirs.

“Look sharp, **SLEEPYHEADS!**” she demanded. “**Tai**l[s] up, **EYES** open, and **WHISKERS** straight! And when you get to Black Rock Island, behave yourselves! Say please and thank you and don’t act like **cheeseheads!** Make Old Mouse City proud!”

We **CARRIED** our bags on board the *Speedy Cheddar 3*.

I thought I had the **HEAVIEST** bag in all of prehistory, but Thea had me beat.





“What . . . **HUFF** . . . is inside . . .
PUFF . . . this trunk?” Bart Barnacle
snorted as he carried it up the gangplank.

“Just what’s **necessary**,” Thea replied.
“You never know what we might encounter.”

“Like what?” I asked.

“**Mountains** or **beaches** or
volcanoes or **snow**,” Thea replied. “I
need the **right gear** for any environment!”

Trap, meanwhile, had packed a bag





full of **cheese**. Only Benjamin had a **lightweight** backpack with just the essentials.

When we were all aboard, the citizens of Old Mouse City called out their good-byes.

“HAVE A SAFE TRIP!”

“WATCH OUT FOR SEA MONSTERS!”

**“Did you remember to
make a will?”**

“If you don’t come back, I get Geronimo’s cave!” exclaimed Grandma Ratrock.

“And I get Trap’s supply of **cheddar**!” said Bluster Conjurat.

Wasn’t the crowd supposed to be **encouraging** us? They weren’t doing a very good job!

Luckily, it was time to leave. Bart Barnacle



GONNNNG!

was ready to train us to become the **CREW** of his **pirate ship**.

"The **anchor** keeps the boat from drifting away," he explained. Then he handed us the end of a thick rope. "On the count of three, **PULL** with all your might. One . . . two . . . **THREE!**"

We **YANKED** on the rope, and the anchor, carved from solid granite, came unstuck! Not only that, but it **SPLASHED** out of the water, swung in the air, and landed right on the top of my furry head!

GONNNNG!

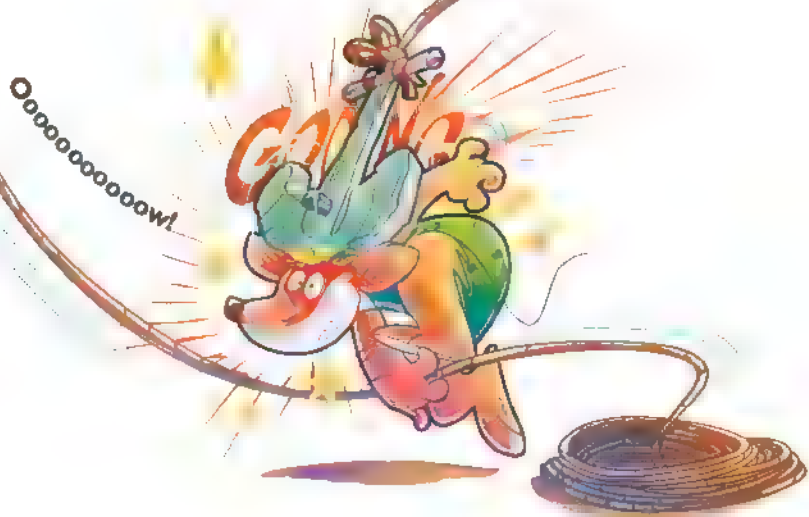
"Ha, ha! Cousin, your head rang like Grandma Ratrock's **GONG!**" Trap teased.

"Funny," I mumbled, rubbing the dino-



egg-sized **bump** on my head.

It was a **sign**; I was sure of it. A sign that we were headed for a **sea of trouble**!



LEARNING THE ROPES

Bart Barnacle was an **expert sailor**, and he tried very hard to turn us into an **EXPERT CREW**.

But that wasn't an easy task!



As soon as the *Speedy Cheddar*
3 left the port, he called for our
attention.

"Now we will learn how to **set
the sails!**" he announced. He
climbed up a rope ladder leading to
the tall pole that was the main mast.
"WATCH ME and do as I do!"

I looked up. The mast seemed to touch
the **clouds!**





"Do we have to climb up there?" I asked. "Isn't there an **easier** way?"

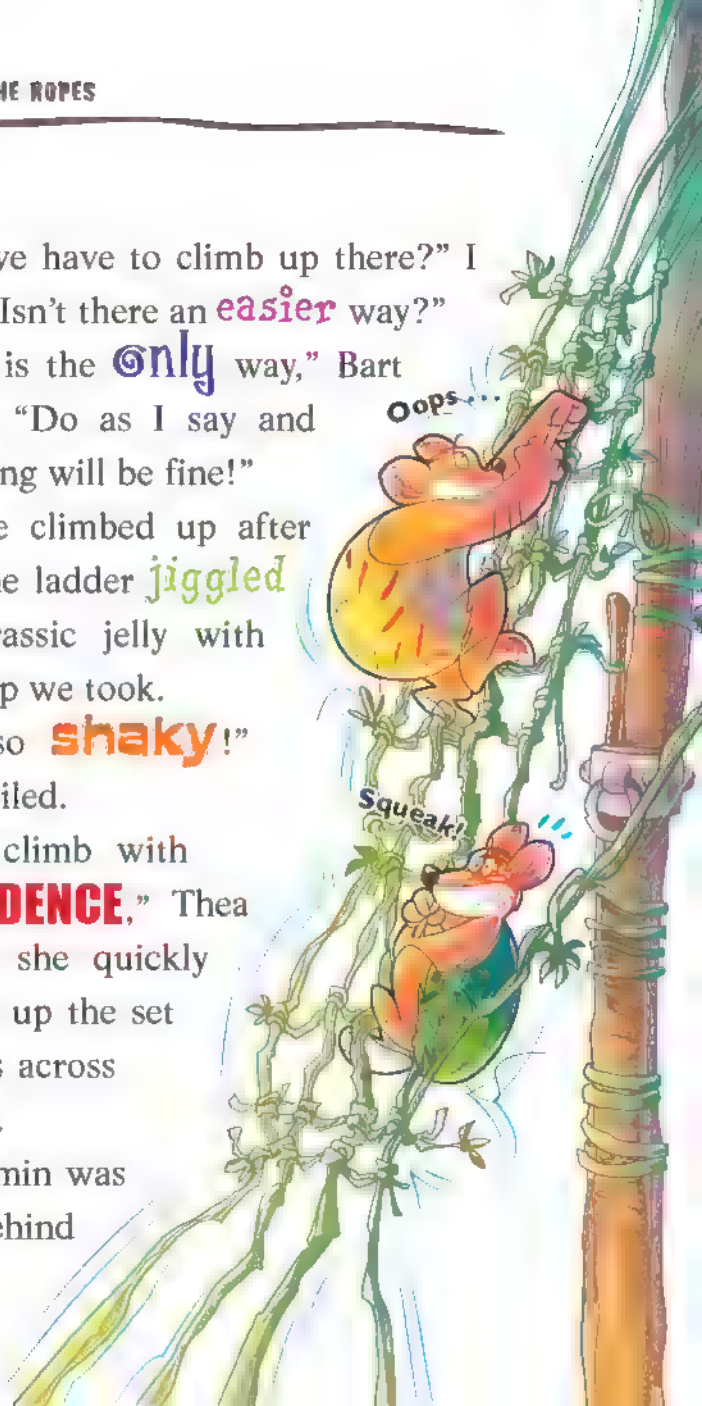
"This is the **only** way," Bart replied. "Do as I say and everything will be fine!"

So we climbed up after him. The ladder **jiggled** like Jurassic jelly with each step we took.

"It's so **shaky**!" Trap wailed.

"Just climb with **CONFIDENCE**," Thea said as she quickly climbed up the set of ropes across from us.

Benjamin was right behind





her. "This is **FUN**, Uncle Ger!"

The ropes I was climbing were **shaking** so hard I thought I might fall off! I closed my eyes.

When I opened them, Thea and Benjamin had already reached the sails. They each untied a rope attached to a sail. Then they **gracefully** swung back down to the deck, **unfurling** the sails as they went.

"We have to do **THAT**?" I asked nervously.

"Just reach up and **loosen** the knots!" Bart called. "Then **swing** down."

Trap loosened the knot just above his head. He **gripped** the rope and tried to **swing** down.

"Whoaaa!" Trap **shrieked**. The rope twirled, wrapping around him. He was **dangling** from the mast like a fish on a line!



“Maybe I should just climb down,” I suggested.

“You can do it, Uncle Ger!” Benjamin **cheered** me on. “Just pull the rope.”

I didn’t want to disappoint him. With a gulp, I pulled it.

FRUUUSSSHHHHHHHH!

The sail quickly unraveled. I clung to the rope as **tightly** as I could and slid down toward the deck. Before I could breathe a sigh of relief . . .

“LOOK OUT! FIRE!” yelled Benjamin.

Oh no! The rope I was on was starting to catch **FIRE!**

“Aaaaahhhhh!” I squealed.

“The **FRICTION** of Geronimo’s fur against the rope is causing it to burn!” Bart called out.



Trap threw a bucket of water on me.
Splash!

I was safe but **WET**. This trip was
getting off to a terrible start!

AS GREEN AS MOLDY CHEESE!

With our sails blowing in the wind, the *Speedy Cheddar 3* set out to sea. Destination: **the Land of the Rising Sun!**

For the first few days, the voyage went smoothly. The **waves** were gentle, the **WIND** was strong, and the **weather** was warm and clear.

Benjamin and Thea were having fun. Bart taught them how to use the **helm**.*

On the other paw, I was not having fun. The waves made me **seasick**. The strong winds made me **seasick**. Even the warm weather made me **seasick**!

* The helm is the wheel used to steer the ship.



My complexion was as **green** as moldy cheese! But I wasn't the only one who was having trouble. Trap was strangely quiet, and he wasn't eating!

"Are you seasick, Uncle Trap?"
Benjamin asked.

"Maybe it's just indigestion," he said.
"BLURP!"

"That makes sense," said my nephew.





"The pantry is almost **EMPTY**. If you ate all those snacks, it's no wonder you're sick."

"That wasn't me!" Trap protested. "I didn't eat **EVERYTHING** in the pantry. Just a hunk of smoked cheddar. And a dozen **MOZZARELLA STICKS**. And a cheesecake. But that was **two DAYS** ago!"

Thea put her paws on her hips. "Oh, yeah? Then what happened to all the rest of the food in there? Did it **JUMP** into the ocean?"

"I swear, I haven't eaten in **two DAYS**!" Trap insisted.

"Well, if it's indigestion you have, my friend, then I know a great cure," said Bart.

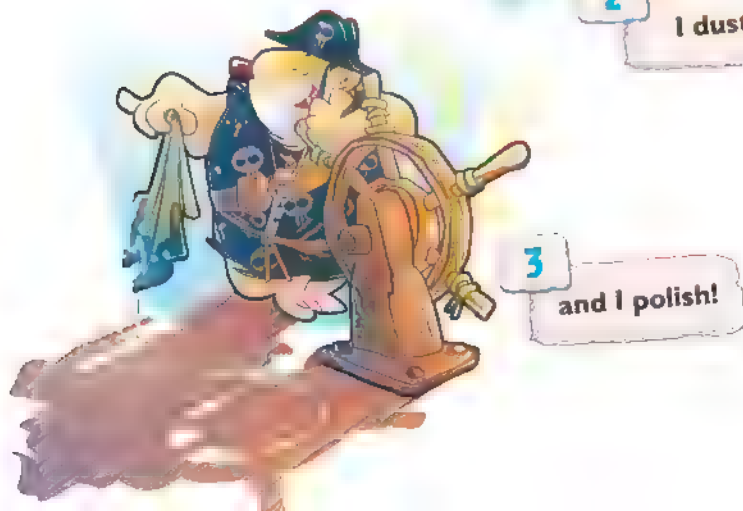
Trap brightened.

"When I feel sick, I **clean**!" Bart said cheerfully.



Trap groaned.
 “I **WASH**, I
DUST, and I
polish,” Bart
 went on. “I scrub
 the ship from
 top to bottom until
 I’m feeling better.”

Trap rubbed his
belly. “Thinking
 about **cleaning**



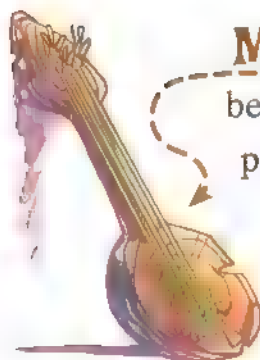


just makes my stomach hurt more!”

“There must be something else you can do to feel better,” Thea said. “Could you take a walk? Read? Sing?”

“**THAT’S IT!**” cried Bart.

The pirate **DASHED** belowdecks and came back carrying a stringed instrument.



“This instrument is called a **MANDOLIN**,” he explained. He began to **strum** the strings. “You play it like this.”

A light, **delicate** tune came from the instrument.

“Thanks, friend,” said Trap, taking the mandolin from Bart’s paws. “I really am in the **mood** to sing something.”

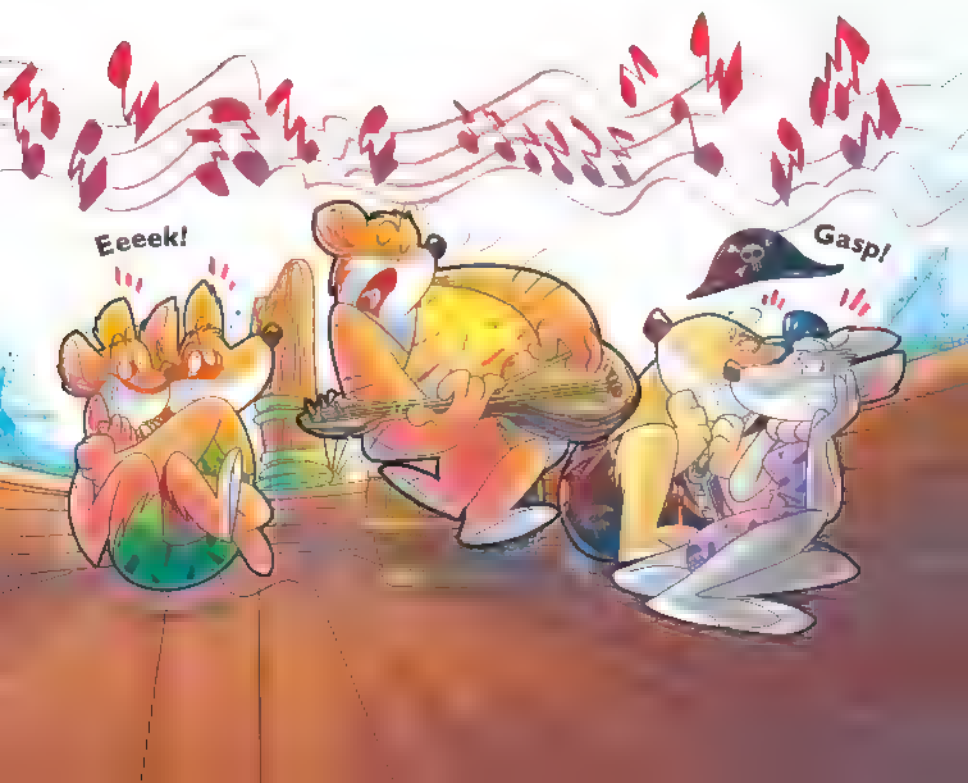
Trap opened his mouth wide, and a **SOUND** came out . . . a sound like a



WAIKUSAUROS with a sore throat!

GREAT ROCKY BOULDERS!

It was Jurassically awful!



UNDERWATER ATTACK!

Trap's singing did not help my seasickness. I felt **terrible!** But the worst hadn't happened yet . . .

The next morning, the water began to **foam**. The waves began to swell. Benjamin, who was acting as lookout in the crow's nest on top of the mast, shouted out:

"Sea monster on the port side!"*

Trap stopped singing. Bart, Thea, and I ran to the port side of the deck and **LOOKED** out into the water. We couldn't see a thing!

"Are you sure, Benjamin?" I yelled up to him.

* The port side is the left side of the ship when facing the front.



“Down there! Down there!”

he yelled, pointing to the water.

Suddenly, we could all feel the boat **RISE** **UP** from the water. Before we could react . . .

SWOOOOOSH HHHH!

The *Speedy Cheddar* 3 leaned way on its side. Something was **UNDERNEATH** us, pushing us up!

We looked down into the water.

Thundering triceratops! Benjamin was right. An

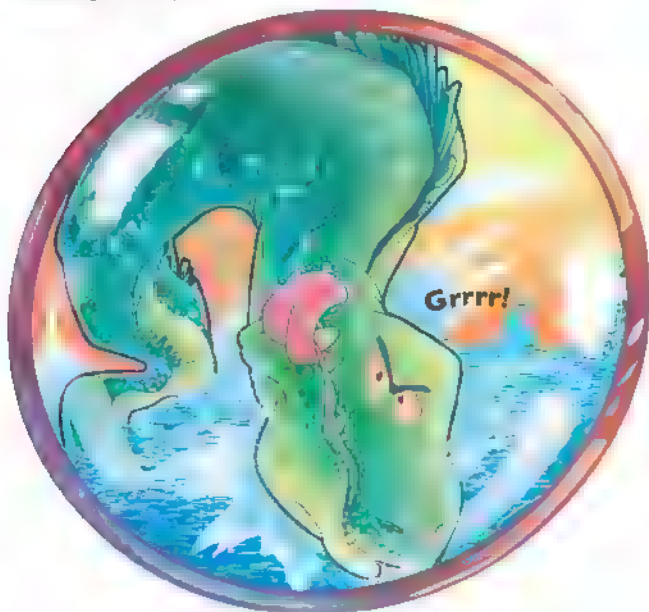




enormouse sea serpent stared at us with two terrifying eyes. Its body was *long* and green. Huge, **SHARP** teeth stuck out of its massive jaws.

Its *long tail* was lifting the boat!

Bart ran into the cabin to get the longeye* and pointed it directly at the **SEA MONSTER**.



*The longeye is the prehistoric telescope developed by Leo Edistone, the inventor from Old Mouse City.



"It's a **SERPENTS SAURUS!**" he cried.

"This is bad news!"

"Will it eat us?" I asked.

"It won't eat rodents, but this type of sea monster loves to eat **WOOD** and **fabric**," Bart explained. "We've got to get away from it before it **gobbles** up our ship and we're lost at sea!"

Bart raced to the helm and turned the wheel with all his might, changing the **DIRECTION** of the ship. Thea and Benjamin **scurried** to set the sails.

We got **lucky!** The **WIND** caught the sails and pushed us away from the serpentsaurus.

Trap became bold. "Hey there, **chubby!**" he called out. "It wouldn't hurt you to skip a meal, would it?"

Then the wind **died**. The serpentsaurus

ROOOOOOOO







*The bow is the front of a ship.

swam toward us with an **ANGRY** gleam in its eyes.

The sea monster lashed out at the *Speedy Cheddar 3*. It opened its massive jaw and . . .
CRUNCH! It chewed off a chunk of the bow!*





“**AAAAAH!**” I yelled.

“I didn’t mean it!” Trap called to the monster.

But the serpentsaurus did not accept Trap’s apology.

CRUNCH! The serpentsaurus bit off a chunk of railing. Then it started **munching** on the sails.

Bones and stones, we were done for — doomed — **EXTINCT!**

But just when we were about to lose **HOPE**, Bart got an idea.

“Leave it to me,” he announced, and then he dashed off.

He came back **dragging** Thea’s heavy travel trunk.

“What are you doing with that?” she asked.

“If we give it your **clothes** to eat . . .



huff! . . . the monster will leave the ship alone . . . *puff!*” Bart explained. He opened the **trunk** and began to throw her gear into the water.

“My snowsuit! My raincoat! My beach towel!” she moaned. “**Nooooooo!**”

CHOMP! CHOMP!
CHOMP!

The serpentsaurus **greedily** gobbled up each piece.

“It’s working!” I cried.

Thea ran downstairs and came back holding . . . *my travel bag!*

“Take this, too,” she said, thrusting it into Bart’s paws.

“**Nooooooo!**” I shrieked. “My underwear! My water bottle! My best loincloth!”



The **SERPENTSAURUS** began to float on its back, leisurely munching on my clothes. (**UGH!**) But at least it had stopped eating our ship!

CHOMP! CHOMP!
CHOMP!

Bouncing boulders, we were saved! But now we had no luggage or changes of clothes.



OCTOSAURUS ALERT!

The *Speedy Cheddar 3* continued its journey. It had lost two **sails** and the bow and railing had some chunks bitten off, but all in all it was in good shape.

By **sunset**, things had calmed down. Bones and stones, we were **tired**! Thea and Trap straightened up the cabins. Bart stayed by the captain's wheel, on **alert** for danger. Benjamin and I **curled up** by a coil of rope.

"What a day," I said, **YAWNING**. "And soon we will arrive on Black Rock Island. **Zzzzzzz!**"

I had just **dozed off** when I felt



something **tickle** my back.

“Benjamin, you know I’m ticklish,” I mumbled sleepily.

Benjamin **YAWNED**. “I didn’t touch you, Uncle Ger!”

If it wasn’t Benjamin, then who was it? I opened my eyes.

AAAAAAAH!

A giant **purple tentacle** was poking out of the sea, tickling me!

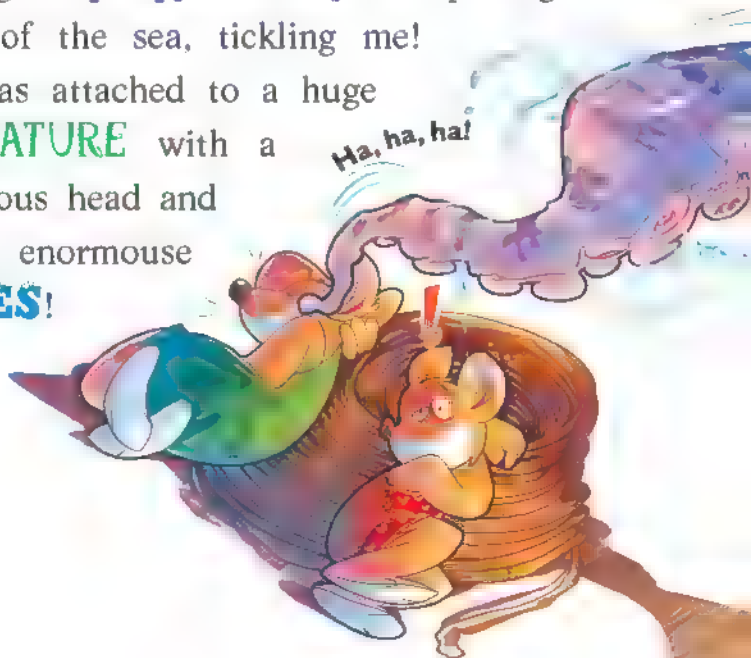
It was attached to a huge

CREATURE with a

bulbous head and

two enormous

EYES!





“OCTOSAURUS ALERT!”

Bart yelled. “Save your fur!”

I tried to jump up, but I couldn’t. The tentacle was wrapped around me!

**BY THE GREAT ZAP, IT
WAS GOING TO SQUEEZE
ME LIKE A LEMON!**

Thea ran out on deck. “Free yourself, Ger!” she called out.

**HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO
THAT?!**

The octosaurus had no intention of letting me go. And to make things **WORSE**, it began wrapping its other tentacles around the ship! The *Speedy Cheddar 3* started to **SLOW DOWN**.

“We’re doomed!” I cried.



"WE NEED A PLAN!" Thea yelled.

"The octosaurus is even more **DANGEROUS** than the serpentsaurus," said Bart. "We've got to get out of here, fast!"

Thea's eyes lit up. "I know!"

Thea raced below the deck. We heard loud noises.

OCTOSAURUS

NAME: OCTOSAURUS

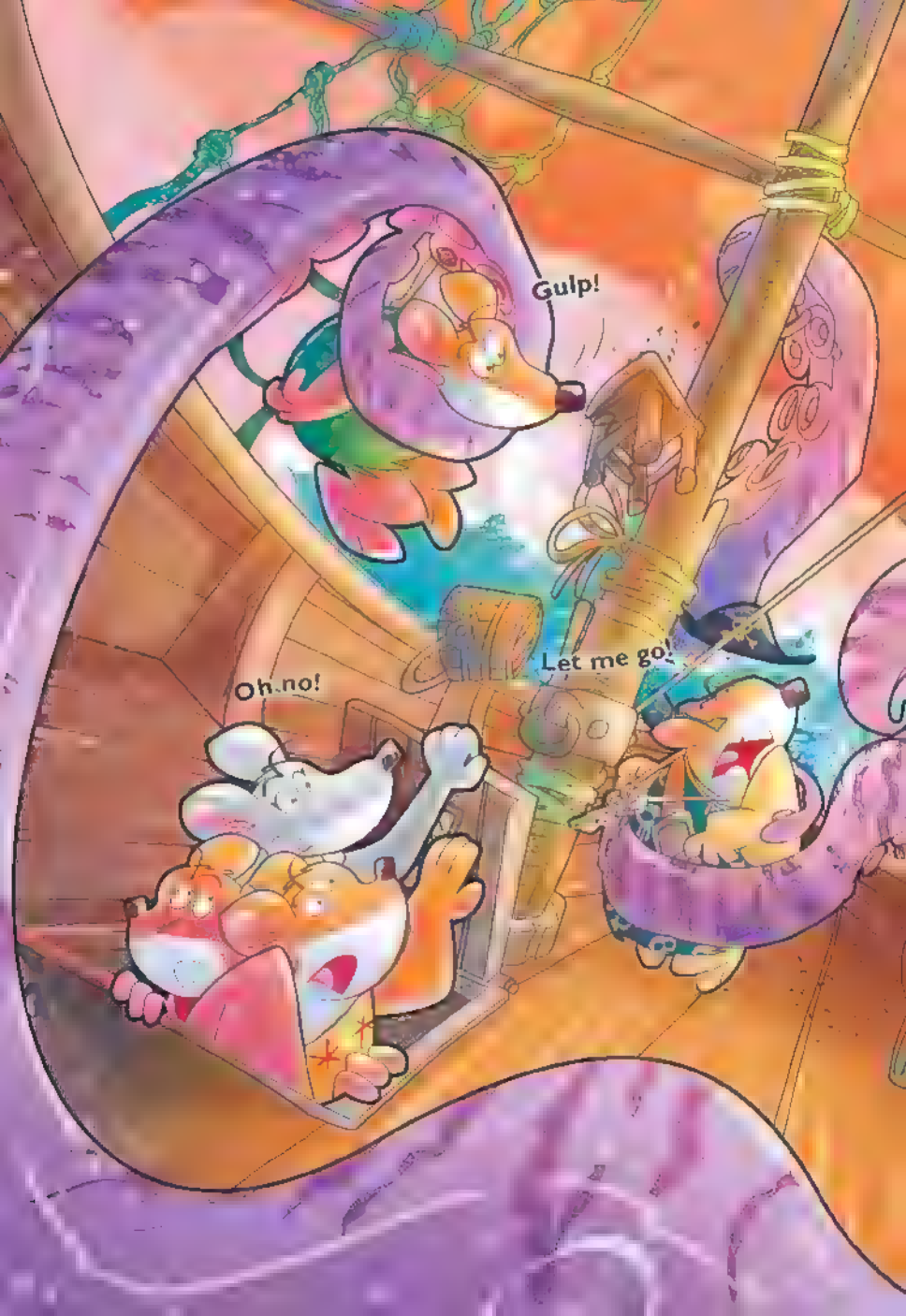
HABITAT: THE DEEPEST PARTS
OF THE OCEAN

DESCRIPTION: SHORT-
TEMPERED, SOLITARY, AND A
LITTLE SLIMY

EATING HABITS: IT MOSTLY
EATS PLANKTON AND ALGAE, BUT ITS FAVORITE DISH IS
CAVEMOUSE MEATBALLS.

IF YOU SEE ONE: GET FAR, FAR AWAY AS FAST AS YOU
CAN, AND TRY NOT TO MAKE IT ANGRY!

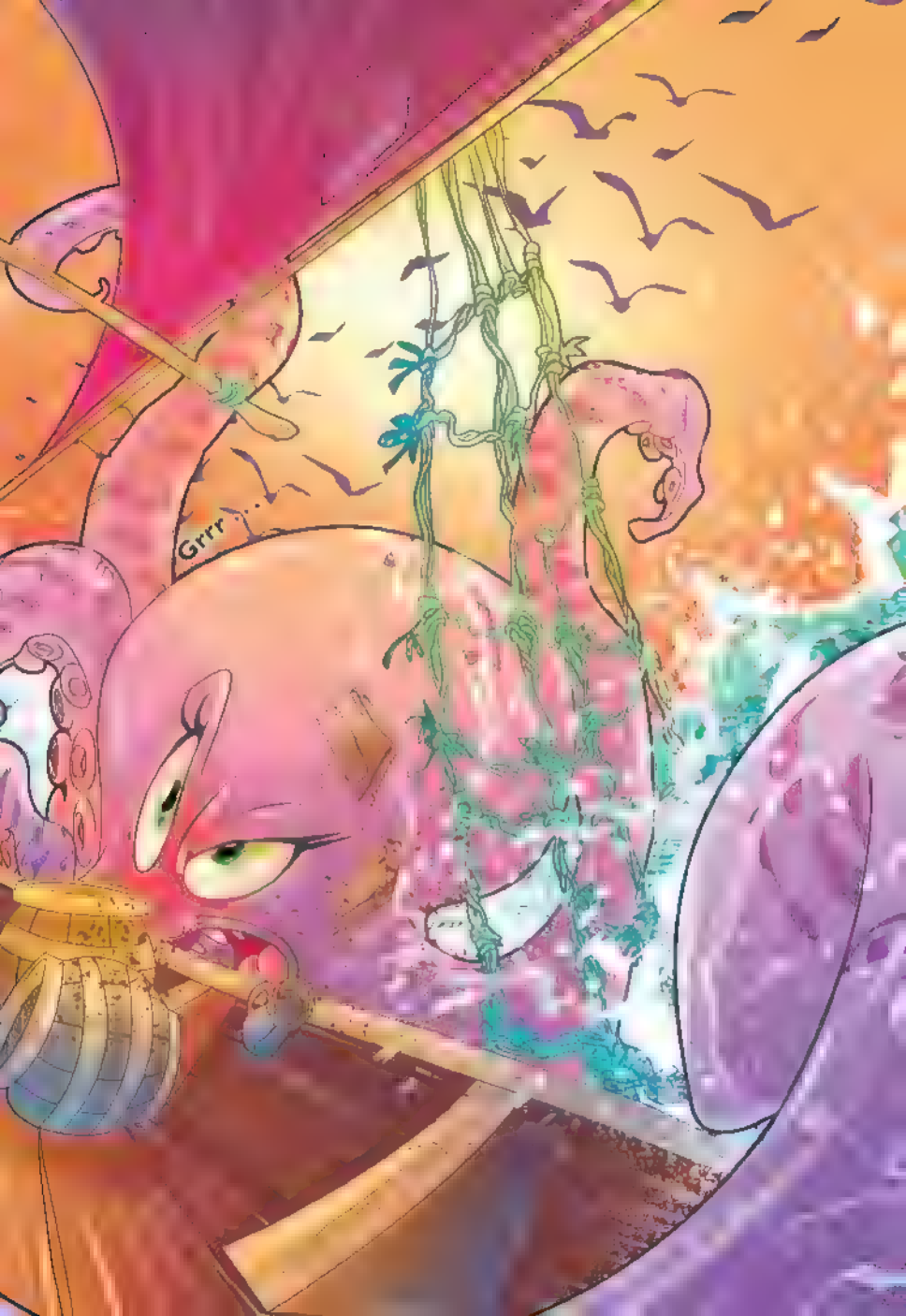




Gulp!

Oh no!

Let me go!





THUMP! CRACK!
CRAAAAAAAAASH!

She came back with her arms full of **SPLINTERED** wood.

"I broke up the furniture in our cabins," she explained. "Trap, help me light a **FIRE!**"

Thea and Trap heaped the wood on the ship's deck. My sister took a piece of flint and an iron rock and struck them together. They **SPARKED**, and then the wood caught fire.

A cloud of **smoke** wafted up from the flames.

The octosaurus began to cough. Its eyes teared up.

COUGH! COUGH! COUGH!



Then it began to **slowly, slowly** loosen its grip, until only I remained a prisoner in its tentacles. **BONES AND STONES**, why does everything happen to me?

“Um, could you please **Let me go?**” I asked.

Then the tentacle holding me passed over the blazing fire. I **BURNED** my tail!

“Owww, what a Paleolithic pain!” I wailed.

The **FLAME** singed the octosaurus, too. The tentacle loosened — right above the fire! I saw my furry life flash before my eyes.

“**NOOO. DON'T LET ME FALL!**” I wailed.
“**NOT NOOOOOW!**”

What other rodent in the prehistoric world could be in danger of **BURNING UP** in the middle of the **sea**? Only me!



Cough!
Cough!

Heeeelp!

Hang on, Ger!



Then I felt someone pull my tail and . . .

OWWWWWW!

It was Bart Barnacle! He caught me in his arms.

**BOUNCING BOULDERS,
THE PIRATE HAD SAVED ME!**

The octosaurus swam away. When we couldn't see it anymore, Thea put out the fire. We continued to sail toward **Black Rock Island**.

Whew! Once again, we escaped extinction by a whisker!

LAND HO!

When **NIGHT** fell, we settled down to sleep on the deck. Our cabins were a mess of **SPLINTERS** after Thea had chopped up the furniture to make a fire.

We didn't mind sleeping outside. Bright **stars** shone in the clear sky.

It was a **Magical** night.

Trap decided to add to the mood by **singing** us a song and strumming on the mandolin.





**"I beat two monsters with
courage and ease,
Now I deserve a big chunk of
cheese!"**

"Enough!" I burst out. "Trap, don't you think of anything besides **food?**"

Trap thought about it. **"No!"**

Shaking my head, I plugged my ears with cheese cubes so I could fall asleep. I was awakened hours later by Benjamin yelling from the **crow's nest**.

"Land ho!"

Bart looked through his longeye. "He's right! That's **Black Rock Island** up ahead! I'm home!"

We all moved to the bow to look. We saw the island in the distance — and then we saw a **dark shadow** moving toward us under the water!

“Oh no! Another monster!” Thea cried.

“*Not another octosaurus!*” I exclaimed.

“**NO, NO, NO!**” Bart replied. “Stay calm. That’s not a monster. Well, it is, but it isn’t.”

“Do you feel okay, Bart?” Trap asked. “You seem a little confused.”

“I’m fine!” Bart replied. “What I mean is, **Spotty** is a monster, but he’s friendly. He’s the **GUARDIAN** of Black Rock Island.”

Just then a happy creature jumped out of the sea, *splashing* water all over the ship’s deck.

“**WONK! WONK! WONK!**” he cried, clapping his fins together.

He was a Jurassic walrusaurus with a big snout and **SPOTS** on his smooth skin (which I guess is how he got his name).



Spotty swam to the stern* of the ship and gave us a **BIG PUSH** with his tail. It propelled us right to the shore!

A group of **PREHISTORIC PIRATES** waited for us on the beach.

They all wore **colorful** clothing. The biggest one wore an eye patch. Each one of them had a **MUSTACHE** or beard and wore a bandanna on his head.

Bones and stones,
they were pirates,
all right!



*The stern is the back of the ship.

“**Shiver me whiskers!** Look who it is!” one of them cried.

“**Bart Barnacle!** Where have you been?” asked another.

One of the pirates pointed at us. “Who are these **scalawags** with you?” he asked. “They look too **PALE** and **puny** to be pirates!”

An impressive-looking pirate pushed his way through the group.

“Let me introduce our leader, my grandfather **BLACKBEARD BARNACLE**,” Bart said proudly.



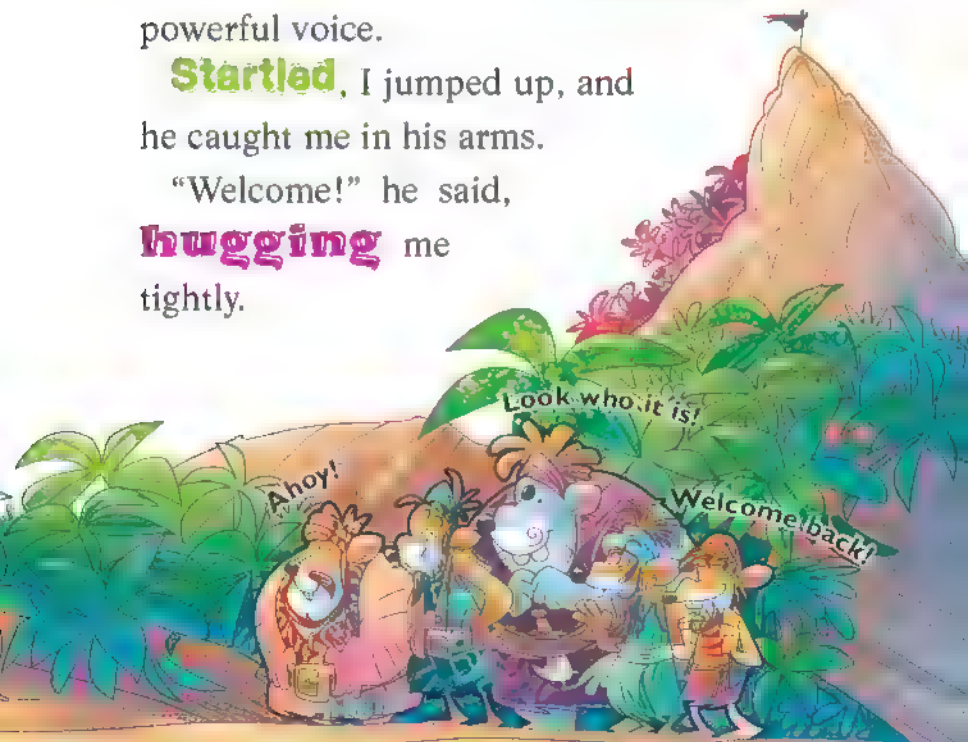


Blackbeard approached us and shook my paw. What a grip! He nearly crushed my paw. But it was a **friendly** pawshake, just the same.

"Any friends of my grandson are friends of mine!" Blackbeard **BOOMED** in a powerful voice.

Startled, I jumped up, and he caught me in his arms.

"Welcome!" he said, **hugging** me tightly.





“Er, thanks, Blackbeard,” I said. “I mean, *Captain* Blackbeard.”

Squeak! That was a **CLOSE ONE**. I didn’t want to disrespect the pirate captain. Even though he was **friendly**, he was still a pirate!

BLACKBEARD BARNACLE

CAPTAIN OF BLACK ROCK ISLAND

NAME:

CAPTAIN BLACKBEARD
BARNACLE

OCCUPATION:

LEADER OF THE
PREHISTORIC
PIRATES

PERSONALITY:

SPEAKS LOUDLY
AND FORCEFULLY

HOBBIES:

GARDENING, COOKING,
AND CROCHETING (HE MIGHT BE A PIRATE,
BUT HE HAS A DOMESTIC SIDE, TOO!)



WELCOME TO BLACK ROCK ISLAND

The **VILLAGE** of the prehistoric pirates wasn't far from the beach. The pirates provided us with four **DINOSAURS**, and we rode on their backs to get there. We had a **TOUR** of the island as we traveled.

It was **enchanting**! Tall palm trees towered over us, dripping with **sweet** and **JUICY** dates. Colorful **flowers** grew all around us. A fresh **breeze** blew in from the sea. And at the top of the hill waved the pirates' **flag**.

Then the dinosaurs carried us across a plain full of **TALL STONES**.

"These are the menhir* of the

* A menhir, or standing stone, is a large, upright stone planted into the ground, usually of prehistoric origin.



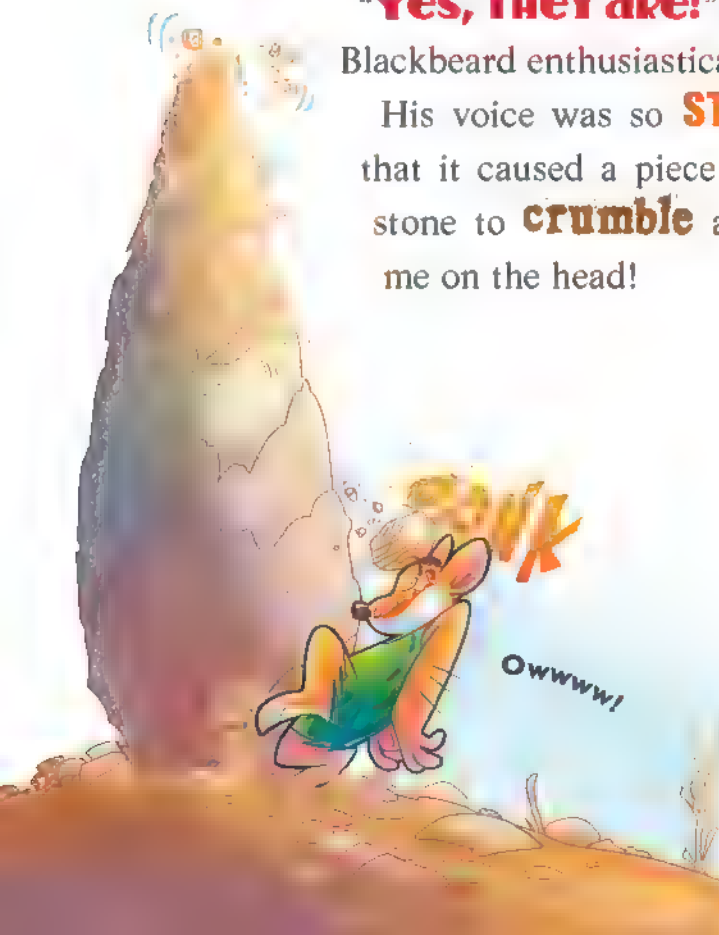


ancient prehistoric pirates!" Blackbeard boomed.

I climbed off my dinosaur to get a **CLOSER** look. "They're so tall," I remarked.

"YES, THEY ARE!" agreed Blackbeard enthusiastically.

His voice was so **STRONG** that it caused a piece of the stone to **crumble** and hit me on the head!





WELCOME TO BLACK ROCK ISLAND

WHAT A PALEOLITHIC PAIN!

Bart clapped. "You are **LUCKY**, Geronimo! The largest menhir on the island has welcomed you."

"Lucky me," I said, rubbing my **SORE** snout.

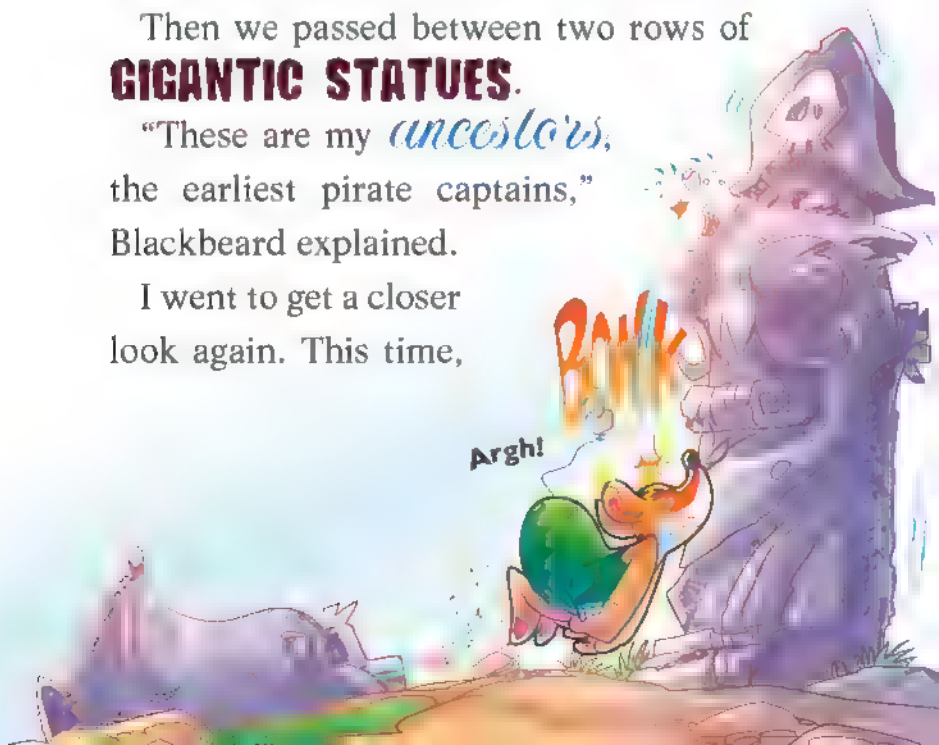
Then we passed between two rows of **GIGANTIC STATUES.**

"These are my *ancestors*, the earliest pirate captains," Blackbeard explained.

I went to get a closer look again. This time,

Arggh!

POW!





I **tripped** on a rock and bumped into one of the statues.

OUCH! OUCH! OUCH!

"So, do you like our island?" asked Bart, smiling.

"Um, well . . ." I began, rubbing the newest **bump** on my head. "This tour is giving me a **big headache!**"

"Oh, I have the best **cure** for headaches," said Bart. "A dinosaur race!"

"Er . . . um, how is a **RACE** going to make me feel better?" I asked. But Bart pulled me back up onto a dinosaur.

"READY, SET, GO!" he yelled.

The dinosaurs **CHARGED** forward, racing toward the pirate village. My stomach lurched.



Heeeelp!

Follow me!

Yes!





“**Nooooo!**” I wailed. “I’d rather have a headache!”

The dinosaurs skidded to a stop when we reached the pirate village.

SCREEEEEEEECH!

All the prehistoric pirates came out of their tents to greet **Bart Barnacle**.

“When did you get back? What have you brought? Where did you put the **loot?**” everyone asked at once.

Bart motioned to us. “I have brought the most **precious loot** of all . . . my friends!”

The pirates clapped, and Bart brought us inside the village **PANTRY**.

Petrified provolone! It held a **MOUNTAIN** of food: baskets of tropical fruit, barrels of buns, platters of pastries, and stacks and



This is our
pantry.

Yum!

Wow!



stacks of **stinky cheese!**

As Bart gave us a tour of the village, the **friendly** pirates prepared a great **FEAST** for us. They set up the **BANQUET** at a long table, and soon we were all squeaking and **laughing**. Then Trap began to strum the mandolin and sing:

**“NOBODY THROWS A FEAST
LIKE OUR PIRATE FRIENDS,
LET’S DANCE AND EAT
UNTIL THE NIGHT ENDS!”**





We jumped up and started **dancing**.
Even Blackbeard joined us!

When the feast was done, we all fell
asleep. And the music was replaced by a
concert of snores.

zzzzzzzz zzzzzzzz
zzzzzzzz



STOP, THIEF!

We awoke the next morning to loud yelling.

“stop, thief!”

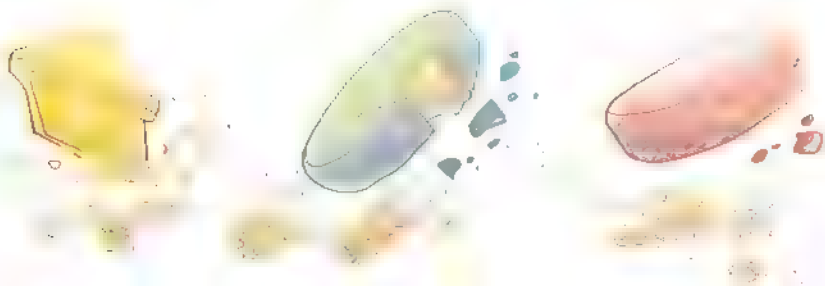
“The pantry’s been ransacked!”

“Someone stole **twenty** steaks, **forty** wheels of cheese, and **sixty** cheesy buns!”

Benjamin and I **RAN OUT** of our hut as fast as meteorites.

“The pantry is empty,” Bart told us.
“Someone **stole** all the food!”

The **PIRATES** wandered around the huts looking for tracks, but there were no





🐾🐾🐾🐾🐾🐾🐾 on the ground.

"Hmm, there's nothing here," I observed.
"Just **cheese crumbs** and lots of stones."

Captain Blackbeard's eyes lit up. "**What did you say?**" he bellowed.

I almost **JUMPED** out of my fur! "I said, there's nothing —" I began, but he interrupted me.

"No! What did you say after that?" he boomed.

"I . . . I said that there were only stones —" I replied.

"No! Before that! What did you say before that?"

My ears were ringing — that rodent had quite a voice!





STOP. THIEF!

I yelled back. **"I SAID THAT THERE ARE ONLY CHEESE CRUMBS ON THE GROUND!"**

Blackbeard elbowed me, almost knocking me over.

"Bravo! You found a trail! Let's follow it!"

The cheese crumbs zigged and zagged across the village.

STRANGE!

The thief didn't seem to care that he was leaving a trail.





VERY STRANGE!

The cheese crumbs led right up to a table.
And sitting at the table, sleeping, was Trap!

EXTREMELY STRANGE!


And that wasn't all. There were two
pieces of cheese next to Trap!

"Here is the thief!" bellowed
Blackbeard.

**"Mmmmff . . . five
more minutes,"** Trap
mumbled sleepily.

Benjamin sighed.
"There's only one way
to wake up Uncle
Trap when he's
sleeping like
this," he said.

He passed a
chunk of **stinky**





cheese under Trap's snout. My cousin woke up with a smile.

"Good morning!" he said cheerfully.

"Good morning?" boomed Blackbeard. "There's **NOTHING GOOD** about you, thief!"





"**THIEF?**" Trap asked, confused.

"My grandfather thinks you stole all the food from our pantry," Bart explained.

Trap turned as **PALE** as mozzarella. "That's impossible! I was sleeping!" he protested.

"**Uncle Trap is innocent!**" defended Benjamin. "He loves to eat, but he isn't a thief."

Captain Blackbeard shook his head.

**"THIS TRAIL OF CRUMBS
IS PROOF! HE IS NO
FRIEND OF OURS.**

PIRATES, CAPTURE HIM!"



STOP, THIEF!

The pirates **TIED UP** Trap and carried him to their jail hut.

FOSSILIZED FETA!
NOW WHAT???



HOLD ON, TRAP!

Trap gave me a **panicked** look as he was being carried away.

POOR TRAP! I had never seen him so frightened!

"Cousin, do **something!**" he pleaded.
"Convince them that I am **innocent!**"

"Don't be **scared**, Trap! Leave it to me," I promised.

So I went to Captain Blackbeard and took a deep breath. "My cousin is an **HONEST RODENT!** He isn't a thief. It couldn't have been him!" I said bravely.

**"THE TRAIL SPEAKS
CLEARLY, GERONIMO!"**



he boomed.

The pirate captain was convinced that Trap was guilty.

"To pay for his crime, Trap must work in our village **kitchen**," Blackbeard announced. "He must spend his days **washing dishes**. And we will put him on a diet of water and dry bread!"

At these words, Trap fainted. **WATER AND DRY BREAD?** But he has the appetite of a T. rex!

"There must be some way to **prove** that Trap is innocent," Thea said.

"BUT WHO COULD IT HAVE BEEN?" Bart wondered. "Last night we all fell sound asleep after the party."

"Maybe someone only **pretended** to





sleep," I suggested.

"Or maybe someone landed on the island during the **NIGHT**," Benjamin chimed in.

"Of course!" Thea cried. She took my arm and **dragged** me toward the beach. Bart and Benjamin followed us.

We soon came across **Spotty**, who looked hot and miserable.

We quickly found out why. The sand under our paws was **sizzling** hot!

Spotty flopped over on his belly and slid toward the sea at **SUPER SPEED**.

"I have an idea!" Bart cried. He grabbed a big palm frond, sat on it, and started





SLIDING after Spotty.

“**Come on**, Uncle G!” Benjamin cried.
“This is fun!”

I couldn’t say **no** to my nephew. I
HOPPED onto the leaf behind him and
then . . .



VROOOOOOOOOOOOM!

We **HURTLED** toward the beach
like lightning! Thea zipped down alongside
us.



"Are there any **brakes** on this leaf?" I yelled, but of course there weren't. We had no choice but to **CRASH-LAND** into the soft sand on the shore.

Thea **JUMPED UP** first and ran onto the *Speedy Cheddar 3*. We followed her.

"**LOOK!** The pantry is even emptier than before!" she exclaimed. "And look at the deck! It's full of the remains of a feast. Cheese rinds, bread crumbs, and **HALF-EATEN** steaks!"

HOW STRANGE!

"So this means that Uncle Trap was **right!**" Benjamin said. "We thought that he had **RAIDED** the pantry during our voyage. But . . ."

"Someone must have **SECRETLY** come on board!" Thea finished.



“But who could it be?” Bart wondered.

And then it came to me. I knew who the **REAL THIEVES** were! I quickly came up with a plan.

It had to work — for Trap!



A TRAP TO HELP TRAP!

A few hours later, Bart went to Blackbeard and told him that we could not **prove** that Trap was innocent.

"Then Trap is **guilty**!" Blackbeard boomed. "Let us hold a **feast** and put this unpleasantness behind us. **We** will use our emergency supplies."

"**Huzzah! A party!**" cheered the pirates.

But **poor** Trap **was** not cheering. First he had to **wash** all the dirty pots and dishes from yesterday's banquet. He scrubbed and scrubbed. **1**

Then he had to **sweep** the entire village **2** and **polish** the swords of

all the **PREHISTORIC**
PIRATES! 3

I approached him
right before the **banquet**
began.



1



2

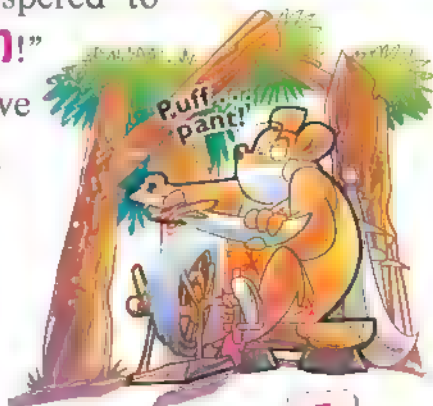
"Cousin, you've got
to **HELP ME!**" Trap
pleaded. "I have never
worked so hard in
my life!"

"Hang in there," I
whispered to

him. "We have a **plan!**"

"How long do I have
to wait?" Trap asked.

"I'm working my
poor **P A W S** off!
And my tummy is
so **EMPTY.**" He



3



rubbed it, and it **growled**.

"You'll be **FREE** before the night is over," I promised.

And then the feast **began**, and the pirates **ate** and **sang** and **danced** like they had the night before. Exhausted, the pirates fell sound asleep.

Thea, Bart, Benjamin, and I only pretended to **sleep**. We were keeping an eye on the pantry, which still had some food left in it.

Suddenly, we saw two **dark shadows** approach.

These weren't just any shadows. They were **SABER-TOOTHED TIGERS!**

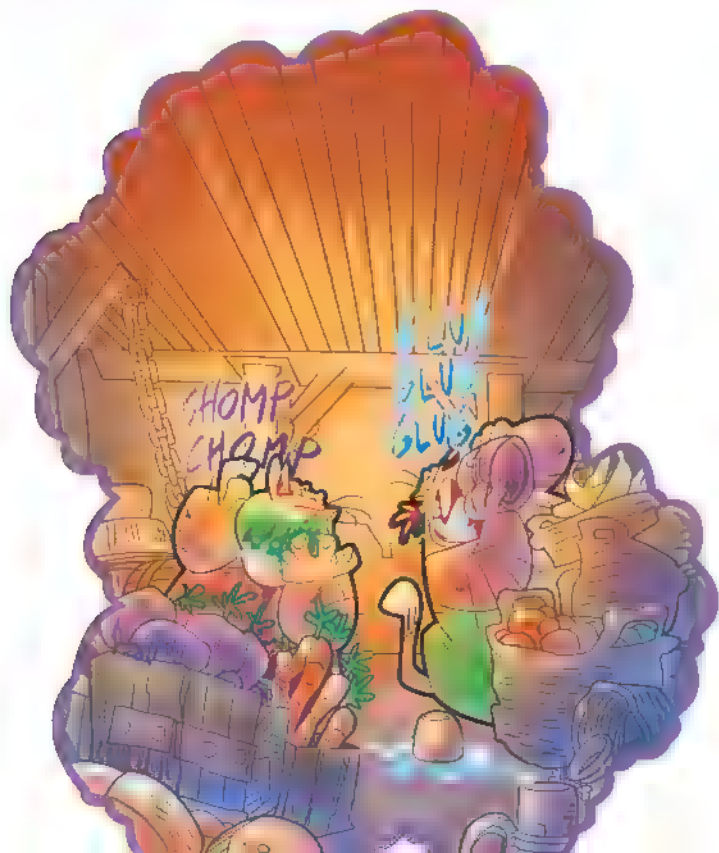
I flashed back to that night in Old Mouse City before we sailed off. I was sure I had seen tigers that night. Now it all made sense!

Those **rotten** felines had stowed away in the *Speedy Cheddar 3*! They had sailed with



us for days and days. My fur **BRISTLED** in fear at the thought of it.

Those tigers had been **SNEAKY**. But now it was our turn to sneak up on them. As soon as they tiptoed out of the pantry, we pelted them with **coconuts**!







BONK!
BONK!
BONK!

We pummeled them from the tops of their heads to the tips of their tails!

This megalithic **RACKET** woke up Blackbeard and the prehistoric pirates, who dashed to the pantry.

“WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?” yelled Captain Blackbeard angrily.

But as soon as the pirates saw the fierce saber-toothed tigers, they **froze** in fear. And we were out of coconuts! The tigers started to **ROAR** and snarl, threatening us with their fangs and **CLAWS**.

“GROWL!” We will eat you up!” threatened one.

“MEEEEOW!” We will serve you **stewed** with a side of Jurassic onions!” said the other.



Squeak! How scary!

The once-tough **PIRATES** were all **trembling** with fear — all except for Blackbeard Barnacle. He stayed very **calm**.

“Rooooaar!” growled the first tiger.

Blackbeard just yawned. “Is that all you’ve got?” he asked.

“**ROOOAAAR!**” growled the second tiger.





"Are you **finished** yet?" Blackbeard asked calmly.

He didn't wait for an answer. He brought his paw to his mouth and whistled.





TWEEEEEEET!

A second later, the ground began to **shake**. A huge creature slid into the village. It was **Spotty**, the walrusaurus guardian of Black Rock Island!

Seeing his friends in **DANGER**, he launched himself at the tigers. He sat right on top of them, **PINNING THEM DOWN** with his fins!

Oomps!

"LET US GO!"

shrieked the tigers.

Now it was their turn to be terrified!





“Let you go?” I cried out as **bravely** as I could. “Absolutely not! Unless you want to be Spotty’s lunch, you must tell the truth.”

Being so close to these terrifying tigers was making my heart beat like a **DRUM**. But I had to save Trap.

“What **truth**? We haven’t done anything wrong,” said one of the tigers.

“Did you **slow away** on our ship?” asked Thea.

“**NO, NO, NO!** Absolutely not!” the tigers protested.

Bart nodded to Spotty. “Enjoy your meal.”

The tigers looked up at Spotty’s **HUGE TUSKS** and quickly changed their story.

“Tiger Khan asked us to go to Old Mouse City and **KIDNAP** Bart Barnacle,” one of them said.

“And then **RANSOM** him for the



treasure of the prehistoric pirates,” finished the second.

“But the chubby mouse saw us inside the tavern . . .”

“And we dove into the water to escape!”

“**And we hate water!**” the two tigers exclaimed together. “We swam to your ship and hid aboard.”

“So it was you who stole the food on the ship and here in the village?” I asked.

They nodded. “**Yes! It was us!**”

Captain Blackbeard marched over to Trap.

“YOU ARE FREE! THE PREHISTORIC PIRATES ASK FOR YOUR FORGIVENESS!” he bellowed.

Then he clapped his paws. “**Another Feast!**”

I couldn’t believe it. We hadn’t had so many

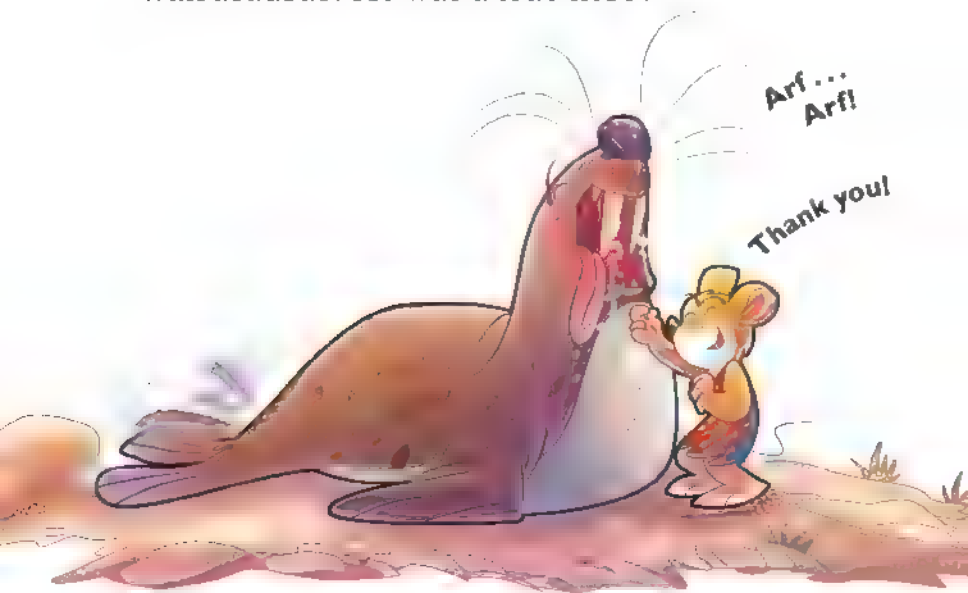


parties since Grandma Ratrock's birthday!

While the pirates **CHEERED**, the tigers slid out from under Spotty. But before they could scurry away, Spotty whacked them with his fin. He sent them **FLYING** into the sea.

SPLASH!

Benjamin and I hugged the walrusaurus. He was a true hero!



GOOD-BYE, FRIENDS!

With the help of Bart Barnacle and the prehistoric pirates, we **REPAIRED** the *Speedy Cheddar 3* and prepared to return home.

Our friends filled the **galley*** with enough cheeses, tropical fruits, and treats to last the *long voyage*. This time, we would be sailing without Bart as our captain. But thanks to his **TRAINING**, we knew what to do. Thea took the wheel. Benjamin and I **scurried** up the mast to set the sails. And Trap helped by organizing the **food**, of course!

*The galley of a ship is the kitchen.



When the ship was **READY** to go, Bart and his grandfather Blackbeard Barnacle came aboard to say good-bye.

**"IT WAS AN HONOR FOR THE
PREHISTORIC PIRATES TO MEET
YOU, FRIENDS!"**

Blackbeard roared. **"WE HOPE TO SEE
YOU SOON!"**

Then he hugged me tightly. I could hear my **BONES** cracking under his grasp! On shore, all the prehistoric pirates **CHEERED** and waved.

Then it was Bart's turn. He hugged each one of us (more gently than his grandfather had, thank goodmouse). Then he gave us a chest filled with **shells**, enormouse **pearls**, sparkling **emeralds**, and other fabumouse pirate **jewels**!



GOOD-BYE, FRIENDS!

Bouncing boulders, what a **mousetastic** surprise! If the saber-toothed tigers had seen this, they would have pulled out their whiskers with **JEALOUSY**!

“**Thank you, my friend,**” I said, shaking his paw. “We will miss you!”

“But our paths will cross again,” Bart replied with a **WINK**. “A pirate never stays in one place for long! I’m sure I’ll soon set sail on another **adventure** and see you again.”





"In *Old Mouse City*, I hope!" I said with a sigh.

Black Rock Island was **beautiful**, but I really wanted to go **home**.

"I will return to your city," Bart promised. "It's not every day a mouse meets **friends** like you!"

Then Bart and Blackbeard headed back to shore. **Spotty** helped push us out to sea while the prehistoric pirates **happily** waved good-bye from the beach. With Thea at the helm, the sails swelled, and we glided away through the **waves** toward Old Mouse City.

"I'm sorry this **VACATION** is over," Trap remarked.

"Vacation? The pirates made you do all that work!" I reminded him.

"Yes, all that work was terrible, but those

Good-bye,
friends!

Have a safe trip!





Bye!

See you soon!



feasts!” Trap got a **dreamy** look in his eyes. “So much food!”

“Well, there’s **food** waiting for you at the Rotten Tooth Tavern,” I pointed out.

“This was a great trip!” Thea chimed in. “I’m **glad** I learned how to sail a ship.”

“And I’m glad I learned that I’m a **great singer**,” Trap said. He grabbed his mandolin and began to strum and sing.

**“Let’s sail back quickly
on the ocean breeze.
So we can get home and
eat some more cheese!”**

Bones and stones, his singing was **TORTURE!**

I plugged my ears and sighed. I almost preferred the danger of saber-toothed tigers



to this. Almost! My cousin's singing was **terrible** . . . but maybe it would keep away the sea monsters!

And that's the truth, or I'm not . . .

**Geronimo Stiltonoot,
cavemouse!**

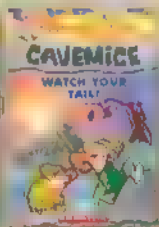




Don't miss any adventures
of the cavemice!



#1 The Stone of Fire



#2 Watch Your Tail!



#3 Help, I'm in Hot Lava!



#4 The Fast and
the Frozen



#5 The Great Mouse
Race



#6 Don't Wake the
Dinosaur!



#7 I'm a Scardy-Mouse!



#8 Surfing for Secrets



#9 Got the Scoop,
Geronimo!



#10 My Autosauros
Will Win!



#11 Sea Monster
Surprise



#12 Paws Off the Pearl!



**Be sure to read all my
fabumouse adventures!**



#1 Lost Treasure of the Emerald Eye



#2 The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid



#3 Cat and Mouse in a Haunted House



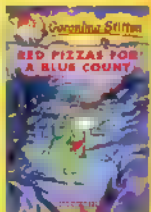
#4 I'm Too Fond of My Fur!



#5 Four Mice Deep in the Jungle



#6 Paws Off, Cheddarface!



#7 Red Pizzas for a Blue Count



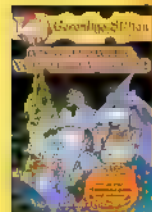
#8 Attack of the Bandit Cats



#9 A Fabumouse Vacation for Geronimo



#10 All Because of a Cup of Coffee



#11 It's Halloween, Yoo 'Friddy Mouse!



#12 Merry Christmas, Geronimo!



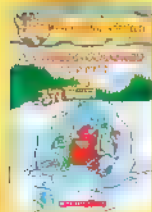
#13 The Phantom of the Subway



#14 The Temple of the Ruby of Fire



#15 The Mona Mouse Code



#16 A Cheese-Colored Camper



#17 Watch Your Whiskers, Stilton!



#18 Shipwreck on the Pirate Islands



#19 My Name is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton



#20 Surf's Up, Geronimo!



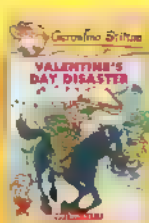
#21 The Wild, Wild West



#22 The Secret of Cackletur Castle



A Christmas Tale



#23 Valentine's Day Disaster



#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls



#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure



#26 The Mummy with No Name



#27 The Christmas Toy Factory



#28 Wedding Crashers



#29 Down and Out Down Under



#30 The Mouse Island Marathon



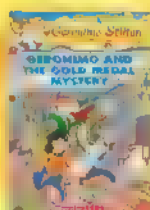
#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief



Christmas Catastrophe



#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery



#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent



#35 A Very Merry Christmas



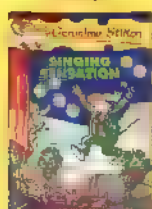
#36 Geronimo's Valentine



#37 The Race Across America



#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



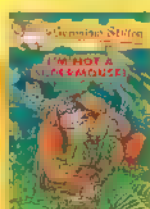
#40 The Karate Mouse



#41 Mighty Mouse Kilmoguro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geranimo!



#48 The Mystery in Venice



#49 The Way of the Samurai



#50 This Hotel Is Haunted!



#51 The Enormous Pearl Hotel



#52 Mouse in Space!



#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



The Hunt for the Golden Book



#57 The Slinky Cheese Vacation



#58 The Super Chef Contest



#59 Welcome to Moldy Manor



The Hunt for the Curious Cheese



#60 The Treasure of Easter Island



#61 Mouse House Hunter



#62 Mouse Overboard!



The Hunt for the Secret Papyrus



#63 The Cheese Experiment



#64 Magical Mission

MEET Geronimo Stiltonord



He is a mouseking – the Geronimo Stilton of the ancient far north! He lives with his brawny and brave clan in the village of Mouseborg. From sailing frozen waters to facing fiery dragons, every day is an adventure for the micekings!



#1 Attack of the
Dragons



#2 The Famous
Fjord Race



#3 Pull the
Dragon's Tooth!

MEET GERONIMO STILTONix



He is a spacemouse — the Geronimo Stilton of a parallel universe! He is captain of the spaceship *MouseStar 1*. While flying through the cosmos, he visits distant planets and meets crazy aliens. His adventures are out of this world!



#1 Alien Escape



#2 You're Mine, Captain!



#3 Ice Planet Adventure



#4 The Galactic Goal



#5 Rescue Rebellion



#6 The Underwater Planet



#7 Beware! Space Junk!



#8 Away in a Star Sled

Old Mouse City

(MOUSE ISLAND)

THE CAVE OF
MEMORIES

GOSSIP
RADIO

THE STONE
GAZETTE

TRAP'S HOUSE

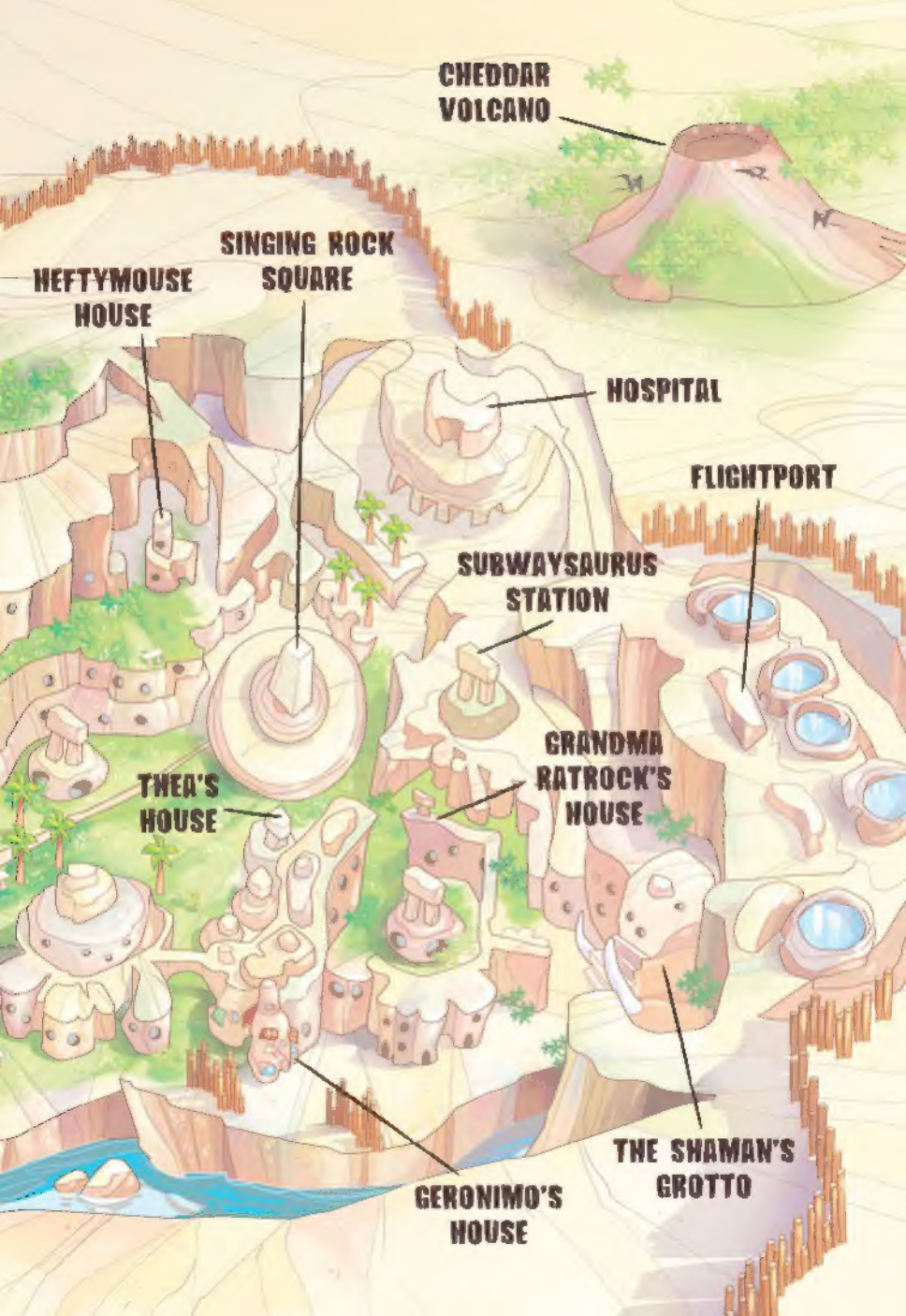
THE ROTTEN
TOOTH TAVERN

LIBERTY
ROCK

UGH UGH
CABIN

DINO
RIVER





**CHEDDAR
VOLCANO**

**SINGING ROCK
SQUARE**

**HEFTYMOUSE
HOUSE**

HOSPITAL

FLIGHTPORT

**SUBWAYSaurus
STATION**

**THEA'S
HOUSE**

**GRANDMA
RATROCK'S
HOUSE**

**GERONIMO'S
HOUSE**

**THE SHAMAN'S
GROTTO**

**DEAR MOUSE FRIENDS,
THANKS FOR READING,
AND GOOD-BYE UNTIL
THE NEXT BOOK!**



WHO IS GERONIMO STILTONOOT?



He is a cavemouse — Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!



SEA MONSTER SURPRISE

Bart Barnacle, the prehistoric pirate who has been visiting the cavemice, is ready to return to his pirate island home. It's so far away that the Stiltonoots offer to accompany him on the long, treacherous journey over the sea. On the way, they encounter megalithic danger and hungry sea monsters! What an adventure!



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